

Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE

IRONTON, MISSOURI

BUTTERMILK.

Some people long for lemonade,
And some for fancy drinks,
And some for soda with the aid
Of sundry wicked winks.
But when the sun is fierce and high,
'Tis then my fancies turn
To buttermilk, 'tis then I sigh
For nectar from the churn.

Somewhere on earth there still must be
A "spring house," deep and low,
Half hid beneath a willow tree,
Whose boughs sweep to and fro
And whisper to the rills that gush
Between the roots, and turn
To loiter in the shadowed hush
Where stands the sweating churn.

A dipper hangs upon the wall
To rob that something hoard—
But better, better yet than all,
Perhaps there is a gourd!
No votary has ever poured
Libations from an urn
Like buttermilk held in a gourd,
Raised from the rooky churn.

Ah, can there be a finer thing!
It's sweet as honey dew!
The water rippling from the spring
Is laughing back at you
While merrily 't drips and drips,
You taste the tang upon your lips
Of nectar from the churn.

Forgotten then are drafts of wine
That all the senses cloy,
And you your happy soul resign
To deep drawn breathings of joy.
And he who does not know of this
Has one glad truth to learn:
That buttermilk is liquid bliss
When ladled from the churn.
—W. D. N., in Chicago Daily Tribune.

Towards the Mountains.

BY S. RHETT ROMAN.

THE Pullman was hot and stuffy as
is the way with trains on summer
days when running through the south-
ern belt and the thermometer ranges
in the nineties.

Ennui and lassitude were the distinc-
tive features of the mental atmos-
phere, and the people who sat in more
or less lounging attitude looking out
of the window at the flying landscape
or attempting to read newspapers or
novels, in spite of the walling of a sick
baby and the boisterous games and
still more oppressive squabbles of two
stout, well-dressed boys, were all more
or less glum and silent.

Scornfully indifferent to their moth-
er's mild monitions, "Boys, do be-
have yourselves," which fell on deaf
ears where they were concerned, the
boys threw oranges at each other and
fought and scrambled and dashed down
the car in pursuit as they rolled under
the seat of a choleric, white-haired,
elderly gentleman, whose gold eye-
glasses and air of importance and gen-
eral appearance indicated clearly he
was a banker and a financial magnate
in his part of the world and accus-
tomed to much differential treatment.

The only occupants of the Pullman
who seemed to take life humorously
and the heat and dust philosophically
were a few drummers, members of
that clever, capable and enterprising
fraternity, the splendid advance guard
and skirmish line of modern com-
merce, and a handsome girl who sat
cool and unruffled and calmly observ-
ant in her section to whom the antics
of the boys seemed to furnish much
suppressed amusement.

A miscellaneous collection of books
and Hymers, golf sticks, a mandolin
case and the ordinary hand baggage
of a young woman accustomed to lux-
urious living, surrounded her, and her
simple but effective traveling gown
made her a distinctive feature, as many
were the glances, covert or otherwise,
thrown in her direction.

There was another occupant of that
section of the flying, rambling train,
a young man who sat in the last seat,
and who, staring in gloomy abstraction
out of the window, who took no notice
of the baby, the boys, the banker or
even the young girl with the gray
eyes and smiling mouth, who certainly
was better to look at than the stretches
of marsh or forest through which they
passed the villages and bustling, thriv-
ing mill towns, whose tall factory
chimneys sent black, curling volumes
of smoke up into the breathless air
of the hot June day.

The man in the corner never moved
or stirred as the train sped on, and
the almost fierce look of his keen steel
blue eyes were certainly not fixed on
the straight, green lines of cotton and
corn in the fields which seemed to
turn and waltz by as they went by, or
the plowmen and groups of laborers
stopping work to gaze with dull curi-
osity at the faces in the car windows.

Whatever his mental vision saw was
certainly a distressing and perplexing
picture, for his frown deepened and
the lines around his mouth grew hard
and stern as he worked at the appar-
ently unmovable problem.

The many glances of curiosity and
admiration cast on the very pretty
girl were by no means enticed by her,
however great her indifference might
be, but in her turn she threw more
than one look of puzzled scrutiny in
the direction of the gloomy, straight-
cut profile in front of her, so plainly
outlined by the staring light of the
bubbling June day.

"Oh, dear! How could you?" came
plaintively from the placid mother of
the rough, good-looking boys, as their
orange finally landed on the shoulder of
the brooding young man.

Corla Stanford was not sorry, as it
made him turn his head to ascertain
where the onslaught came from, and
gave her a very good view of a face
very much beyond the ordinary, both
in point of looks and character.

His smile was peculiarly attractive
she decided, as he nodded his accept-
ance of the excuses of the two red-
headed boys, who openly declared that
he had intended to "hit" that fellow
over there," meaning one of the drum-
mers, who had been surreptitiously
kicking the orange in various direc-

tions out of reach whenever it rolled
near where he sat, with evident glee.

The result was that the young man,
Fergus Grey, his train of unpleasant
thoughts broken, got up and strode
off to the sleeper, Corla supposed, as he
did not come back.

"Who is that man?" Corla wondered.
"I know his face, or I used to know
some one very much like him before we
went abroad. It can't be Fergus?
That's impossible. He looks too old
and grave. Fergus and I had such
romps together years ago. What a de-
testable tease he was. I remember how
furious he used to make me, although I
loved him dearly. Fergus was al-
ways a-getting into scraps at school,
and giving Cousin Tom a world of trou-
ble, but that was mostly Cousin Tom's
fault, he was so ridiculously straig-
t-laced, and unsympathetic. Fergus
could never tell him any of his diffi-
culties. Fergus was ten times the man
Cousin Tom was. All of us youngsters
worshipped him. That man looks very
much as Fergus would if I can imagine
Fergus ten years older and facing some
big trouble.

"Now I think of it, Fergus is 12 years
older than when I kissed him and cried
my eyes out telling him goodbye, and
he laughed and told me not to be a
silly, and said he would give me one
of Flora's puppies. He was only 16
then.

"Laura Canfield told me last winter
all about his engagement to that hor-
rid Mrs. Fanshaw. She said she was
sorry for him. Men are such idiots
where women are concerned, I thought
Fergus would have had more sense.
Can't he see that a woman like that
would only marry him for his money?
He's out in Colorado, Laura told me,
developing some mines.

"That's just like Fergus. That sort
of life must suit him down to the
ground. I suppose Cousin Tom is
furious. He would like Fergus to be
a clerk in his bank.

The idea seemed to amuse Corla, for
she smiled a pretty, wistful introspec-
tive smile at the pleasant memoirs of
childhood days, a smile caught and ap-
propriated by one of the unruly ball
players, who smiled back.

"He's a brick," he commented, sitting
down on the arm of Corla's seat. "I
bet you he knows how to golf and play
tennis. I could see it in his face. He
didn't mind being hit, not a bit. If
it had been that old duffer over there
(indicating the respectable banker),
he would have been mad and gone and
complained to the conductor. Bet you
he would."

Whereupon Corla and the red-haired
boy who had a manly, frank look, in
spite of his freckles and broad mouth,
fell into cheerful chat, irrespective of
the heat and the unhappy baby which
had wisely and determinedly gone to
sleep in spite of the thumping process
inflicted on it by its benighted mother
in the belief that it was soothing and
conducive to slumber.

"Isn't she a fool?" the boy said, con-
tempuously referring to the mother.
"If I were that baby I'd yell just to spite
her. Why don't she put it down and
fan it instead of thumping it that way?"

To which Corla, agreeing heartily, a
congenial conversation ensued between
them as to fox terriers as compared to
other dogs. "He's bully," suddenly
remarked the boy, referring to the
tall man who had gone out to smoke in
the sleeper. "I like that sort of fellow.
His name is Grey—F. Grey, and he is
from Colorado. I bet you he's seen a
grizzly—I've a mind to ask him when
he comes back."

"Grey? How do you know?" Corla
asked, catching her breath with an
acute sensation of surprise and pleasure.

"I saw it on his dress suit case. I
knew he was a game fellow by the look
of his eyes," remarked that keen ob-
server. "You are dead game, too, aren't
you?"

Corla laughed gayly and a firm friend-
ship based on mutual esteem and re-
spect was established between Dick
Camden and herself forthwith.

It was to be lasting, the freckled boy
declared, or else it was no good. To
which Corla assented as they ate or-
anges together.

Last call for dinner had been an-
nounced by the dining car waiter. That
agreeable interruption was over, and
the train sped over trestle and bridge
and through rolling country which
made the clanging noise of the train
increase as they dashed over the back
out through the hills and diminish
when it came to level land.

They were approaching the foothills
of the mountain where Corla was going
to spend the summer, and the last
glimpse she had through the window
out into the darkening night was that
of dotting lights, like fireflies, on the
hillsides in the cottages of the mill
hands grouped around some great mas-
sive brick cotton factory, brightly lit
up by electric lights shining through
innumerable rows of windows, which
made a fairylike appearance on the
calm, starless background of the blue
sky above.

Corla lay in her sleeper wide awake
thinking of Fergus Grey.

"I wonder what his trouble is? She
can't have thrown him over. Fergus
is much too important and rich a man
for that. What can it be?"

The grave, troubled face of her one-
time chum and boon companion trou-
bled and preoccupied Corla, and the fact
that he had failed to notice or recog-
nize her gave her a pang abnormally
keen and made her flush and grow in-
dignant.

"I suppose he's going on to Washing-
ton where she is. I almost wish he
will find out how shallow and selfish
and vain she is, only that would be too
mean. He's such a fine, manly fellow.
It's too bad."

Finally Corla dropped into a restless
sleep, silence having settled over the
sleeper, when suddenly an awful crash
came, a frightful jarring and jolting,
while calls, screams and cries rang out
on all sides among a wild and inex-
plicable confusion—then the train stood
still.

Corla bruised, and her arm bleeding,
sprang up and ran out to find the loco-
motive detached, the front coach turned
over and smashed, and men extracting
people from the debris and helping
the wounded and injured.

Corla found herself kneeling by the
side of aggressive and freckled Dick,
with whom she had sworn a life-long
friendship but a few hours before hold-
ing his hand in hers, while the blood

from an ugly cut on his head streamed
down over her dark blue wrapper,
staining and ruining its laces, while
she called to him and tried to bring
him back to consciousness.

The bright glare from a lantern fell
over him and a voice she seemed to
recognize said gently, while two strong
arms raised the lad from the embank-
ment, where he lay: "Come with him
in the sleeper; he's hurt, but not
killed. Stay with him until I bring
help; there's a doctor somewhere. I'll
go and find him."

Corla followed Fergus Grey and did
his bidding, and Dick's mother, having
fainted with fright, the boys helped
the doctor in his skillful work when
he bandaged his head and set his
broken arm, giving Dick words of en-
couragement and cheer, which he ac-
knowledgeed with a brave smile, while
winking bravely the tears of pain
which came in spite of all his courage,
for it had to be quickly done, and there
were others still more grievously hurt
waiting for the relief from mortal
agonies which only a physician's skilled
knowledge could give.

"You are a courageous little lad, you
stood it nobly," Fergus Grey said when
it was over.

Corla stooped and kissed Dick and
promised to stay with him until the
relief train came.

It was while Corla was bending over
Dick that her sweet compassion and
singular beauty struck Fergus as in-
finitely admirable.

"Some women are perfect; others
are devils or worse still, too contempt-
ible to be worth wasting a thought
on," was Fergus Grey's reflection.

"You look pale and worn out, you
must drink this," Fergus said, produc-
ing a flask and silver cup. "Come out
in the fresh air, it will do you good."

Leaving the wrecked train and work-
ing parties, the lights, confusion and
noise, they sauntered off into the near
by wood, and sitting down on a fallen
tree trunk, watched the approach of
dawn as it lighted and softened and
broke smilingly over the scene.

"You are very compassionate; I be-
lieve you would stand by a friend if
misfortune was to come to threaten,
wouldn't you?" Fergus asked after a
pause, as they watched the glorious
awakening of another day, wondering
why the beautiful face beside him
seemed so familiar, and how it was
that they had so naturally fallen into
friendly chat and an understanding.

The handsome girl reminded him of
little Cora, his stanch chum and play-
mate, who always stood up for him
when the universal reprobation pro-
claimed him terrible and wicked.

It was her stanchness and faithful-
ness, not spilt by the adulation of her
world, which had made Fergus always
hold Cora up as superior to the rest of
her sex.

If she has not changed and the child
is not spilt by the adulation of her
world, she is a remarkable woman,
Fergus thought, the vague resemblance
between little Cora and the beautiful
young woman sitting beside him call-
ing up her image with a wonderful dis-
tinctness.

"Are not those the times when affec-
tion must be truest?" Cora asked,
slowly.

"Should be, but is not always by any
manner of means. What would you
say of a woman throwing over the man
she was engaged to, because she be-
lieved his mines were flooded and use-
less?"

"I would say that the man was most
lucky; that he ought to have gone on
his knees and thanked Providence for
his deliverance."

"You are perfectly right, it's rough
on a fellow who thinks he cared de-
sperately for a woman; who has been
as much as enough to imagine himself
cared for, irrespective of his possessions;
but, as you say, he should thank God
for his deliverance, while it was yet
time."

"And the queer part of the business
is," continued Fergus, smiling grimly,
"that it was a mistake about those
mines. The water did not harm them
and a new vein has been located, which
adds to its value."

"I am glad, was it you that discov-
ered it?" Cora asked, turning to Fer-
gus, while the first golden ray of sun-
shine fell over her.

"Who are you? I never knew but
one little girl who had that look,"
Fergus said impulsively.

"I've known you for hours, Fergus,"
Corla answered, but she did not tell him
who enlightened her as to his identity.
The wreckage was rapidly repaired,
and the wounded, with trained nurses,
taken on a hospital car to the next
town.

"Your mother has promised me you
can come up to the mountains to get
well and strong. So hurry, Dick, I'll
be waiting for you," Cora said, smiling
lovingly down at Dick's white, but
beaming face.

"All right, will he be there? Grey?
That will be bully," Dick answered
back faintly.

It was a little after sunrise when
the train steamed towards the moun-
tains, leaving a huddled, unsightly de-
bris along the side of the track be-
hind.

On the back platform, at the back of
the Pullman coach, two people stood
looking out towards the mountains,
just then glorified by the magnificent
sunshine of a glorious June day, and
which they were fast approaching.

Some of the golden light must have
penetrated within, they looked radi-
ant.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Nickname of Louisiana.

Senator Foster of Louisiana, notes
on the pretty women of his state, and
declares that no state in the union can
produce prettier or wittier. Many
years ago one of the reigning belles
of New Orleans received the name of
"Great Western," but just how this
title came is not known. She was re-
markable for her wit and cultivated
conversation, and she was a superbly
beautiful woman. One evening in a
ballroom, she was asked by one of her
admirers and she had many "Pray,
Miss —, why are you called the
Great Western?" "Really, sir," was
the ready and caustic reply, "I cannot
tell, unless it is because I have so many
flats in tow."

This answer settled it, and the young
fellow—for, of course, the story leaked
out—became known as the "Towed
Flat."—Washington Times.

AT THE WRONG OFFICE.



"I've felt like a dog, doctor, even since
I took that medicine that you prescribed
for me."

"Hm! Better go to a veterinary,
then."

THE STRANGEST SOVEREIGN

Curious Position and Power of Pakoe
Bowono, Ex-Emperor of
Surakarta.

There is an empire on this planet
which for strange originality might as
well be situated in Mars. It is gov-
erned by two emperors at the same
time, and withal is not larger than the
state of Delaware. Both emperors re-
side in the same city, each has his
own splendid court, enormous rev-
enues, armies, imperial chancellors,
government officers and courts of jus-
tice, writes Ernst von Hesse-Wartegg,
in "The Nall of the Universe" in
Century.

Only one of these emperors is known
to the outside world, and he only to a
slight extent. The name and titles of
the leading one would easily fill a col-
umn; his subjects, 1,000,000 in number,
call him the sushunan, and he him-
self modestly signs himself Pakoe
Bowono X.—"Nall of the Universe," in
Century. In him his people venerate
not only their sovereign ruler, but also
their religious pontiff, placed so high
above them that none dares approach
him upright or cover him with a
glance; his state ministers, and even
his own brothers, crouch before him
with folded hands as if in prayer, and
with downcast eyes. Yet he is a pow-
erless puppet in the hands of a small
European nation, and may not even
receive or dispatch a letter without
previously submitting it to the Ja-an
representative of the Dutch. He actu-
ally rules his empire, every square
inch of it, which he calls his personal
property yet he may not walk or ride
outside the palace gates without the
former's permission. He keeps thou-
sands of troops at his own expense,
men with modern swords and rifles,
Amazons with ancient lances, bows
and arrows; yet he is virtually a pris-
oner in his own palace, the grounds of
which cover nearly a square mile,
where there are hundreds of buildings,
the most sumptuous halls, luxurious
chambers and storerooms and stables,
with many thousands of attendants.
Still he has no kitchen and no cook,
his own meals being sent to him daily
from outside. He is absolute master
over all his people, who depend for
their livelihood entirely upon him; yet
he may not trust any of the men, and
surrounds himself entirely with wom-
en. Thousands of the latter are at his
beck and call; hundreds he calls his
more or less legitimate wives, who
have borne him many sons; yet he has
no direct heir to the throne, which is
one of the oldest and most eminent in
Asia.

This curious personage is his ma-
jesty the emperor of Surakarta.

BEATEN BUT NOT DISGRACED

How Custer and His Men Felt Before
Overwhelming Indian
Force.

Gall and Crazy Horse now determined
to end the affair. Massing their war-
riors in the ravine they fell upon both
flanks at the same time that Crow King
and Rain-in-the-Face led the direct
charge against the front of the
thinned and weakened line. They
swept over the little band of men,
probably now out of ammunition, in a
red wave of destruction. There was
a fierce hand-to-hand struggle
with clubbed guns and tomahawks,
and all was over. Some 20 or 25 men
with their officers, who had probably all
been killed where they stood, for their
bodies were found grouped around that
of Custer on the highest hill, endeavored
to break through on the right. They were
slaughtered to a man before they reached
the river. A few scattered bodies here
and there in different parts of the field
indicated that separate men had made
futile dashes for freedom. But the bulk
of the command was found just where it
had fought with the troopers in line,
their officers in position. They had been
beaten and killed. Not an officer or man
lived to tell the story, but they had not
been disgraced, says Cyrus Townsend
Brady, in Pearson's Magazine.

There, the second day afterward,
Terry, with Gibbon, having relieved
Reno's men, found them on the hills
which they had immortalized by their
desperate valor. They had been stripped
and most of them mutilated. Custer's
body was shot in two places, in the side
and in the temple. It was not scalped
or mutilated. Col. Dodge, an authority
on Indian customs, declares that if he
was not scalped or mutilated he is con-
vinced that Custer committed suicide.
None of the officers with whom I have
communicated and who inspected the
body are willing to indorse this state-
ment; on the contrary, I am sure that
Col. Dodge must be in error. The In-
dians give no particular information as
to Custer's death. All that is known is
that his body was there with those of
his brave men.

Some Bread History.

From Rome the art of making
leavened bread was slowly introduced
among the northern nations, and even
at the present time, in upper Norway
and Sweden, in Finland, Iceland and
Siberia, fermented bread is but sel-
dom used except among the higher
classes. In many parts of Sweden ry-
e cakes as hard as wood are baked twice
a year and form the common bread of
the poorer classes. In Scotland, up to
a recent period, barley bannocks and
oaten cakes were the ordinary bread
of the people.

NEW METHOD OF DRINKING.

Candies That Contain Alcoholic Fla-
vorings Growing Popular
with Women.

That the candy-loving schoolgirl is
in actual danger of acquiring the alco-
holic habit from her practice of indulg-
ing freely in the apparently innocent
sweets of foreign manufacture is the
revelation which has been made in the
east through an investigation of the
highly flavored candies of German
make. Many of the confections im-
ported into this country from Germany
contain so much liquor in condensed
form that it is possible to obtain a mild
species of intoxication by eating only
a few pieces, says the Chicago Trib-
une.

It will no longer be necessary for
the person who is accustomed to take
his little drink occasionally to carry a
bottle with him or to enter a barroom
when he feels that it is time for his
regular "smile." All that he or she
will have to do—for it is asserted that
this new method of drinking is grow-
ing popular with women—is to carry
a few lozenges loose in the waist or
skirt pocket. Instead of gulping down
a mouthful of liquor the drinker places
a couple of the lozenges in the mouth
and in a moment experiences all the
delights of a favorite drink.

One need not restrict oneself to any
one kind of liquor, either, for the candy
is made flavored with every kind of
popular spirit and many that are not
popular. One can have his choice of
chateau, cognac, curacao, creme de
menthe, kummet, brandy, or what he
wishes. So much liquor do these alco-
holic sweets contain that three of them
are equal to a medium sized glass of
brandy.

When a girl begins to eat this kind
of sweets it is obvious that she is in
danger of forming a taste for them that
will eventually result in her becoming
a victim of the alcohol habit. Was it
not for the fact that this kind of con-
fectionery is extremely high priced the
danger would be appalling.

Girls who would be shocked if it was
intimated that they were drinkers find
nothing to balk at in the eating of
these flavored candies, and yet in the
consumption of half a bag full of them
they consume nearly as much alcohol
as is contained in a small glass of
whisky. That the results of this are
sure to be harmful to the morals and
lives of young girls is evident. The
manner in which the habit presents
itself through their favorite sweets is
so insidious that many a girl acquires
it in total innocence of any wrong do-
ing.

"That the custom of taking liquors
through the form of flavored lozenges
is undoubtedly increasing is indicated
by the increased sales of this kind of
goods," said a prominent confectioner
when questioned about it. "Large
amounts of them are sold annually,
and I am afraid that the effects they
have, especially upon young girls, is
extremely harmful. There are two
kinds of these confections—the gen-
uine and the imitation. The imitation
comes in the form of ordinary sweets,
and cost only half as much as the real
thing. They are flavored with drugs
but are quite as powerful and harmful
as the others. The genuine come in
the shape of chocolate coated lozenges
and really contain a certain amount of
liquor in condensed form."

MONEY FOUND IN TRACKS.

Street Railway Walkers in Washing-
ton Pick Up Many Coins
Dropped from Cars.

One of Washington's negro citizens
walked into the office of James A.
Sample, chief of the redemption divi-
sion of the treasury department, bear-
ing a handful of battered and twisted
coins.

He dumped the treasure on Mr.
Sample's desk and the latter counted it
up. There were enough mutilated
halves, quarters, dimes and nickels to
aggregate \$3.55, so Mr. Sample handed
over to the negro three \$1 bills that
had never been folded, and \$5 cents in
bright, new change.

"There's no need to ask where this
came from," said Mr. Sample, "because
I know well enough that it was picked
up along the tracks of the Washington
street car system. Not a day has
passed in the last six months without
at least one person coming here to
have a coin redeemed that had been
run over by a street car. It is really
remarkable the amount of money that
is dropped from cars or else is lost in
the streets and finds its way into the
slot in the car rails. You will find
that in nine cases out of ten where
money is dropped from a moving car
it settled into the groove of the track.
My theory is that the suction of the
moving car sweeps the coin into the
vacuum back of the wheels. In nearly
every instance the markings on the
money are the same. There is a dou-
ble warp in the coin, and one end is
flattened out by the force of the
wheels. I know of certain colored men
who make a business of walking along
the street car tracks looking for money
that has been lost from cars in this
way."

Pay in Japanese Army.

The economy practiced in the Jap-
anese army can be gathered from a brief
resume of the tables of pay. Thus,
whereas a general in the British army
receives £2,920 a year, or £8 a day,
the Japanese general is content with £600
a year, a lieutenant general with £400,
a colonel with £238, a major with
£115, which is less than the Brit-
ish lieutenant receives. The Brit-
ish Tommy Atkins, again, is a posi-
tive millionaire in comparison with the
Japanese private, who is the recipient of
2s. 6d. a month if he is a first-class pri-
vate, and 1s. 10d. if his rank is but se-
cond-class.

Calamitous.

The editor of an American paper re-
cently apologized to his readers for the
lack of news somewhat after the fol-
lowing fashion: "We expected to
have both a death and a marriage to
announce this week; but a violent
storm prevented the wedding, and the
doctor himself having been taken ill
his patient recovered and we were ac-
cordingly cheated out of both."—Tit-
Bits.

Burns Relic.

A Burns letter was sold recently for
\$300.

THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION.

[By McCutcheon, in Chicago Daily Tribune.]



Tommy Atkins—"So This Is the Bloomink Sacred City. My Word, What
Jolly Fine Walls for Pill Advertisements."

DESERT FOR TIRED NERVES.

Sunshine of the Nubian Sands Said
to Be a Cure for Jaded
Women.

Seven weeks in the desert and a new
set of nerves is the hope held out to
neurotics by a Swedish nurse who has
hitherto found her skill greatly bene-
fitted but failed to bring a complete
restoration to health of women suf-
fering from neuritis and its attendant
ills, says the Chicago Tribune. Far
from communication with the outer
world, living in an exclusive camp and
on the simplest diet, a party of English
society women are now breathing pure
air and basking in the sun of the Nu-
bian desert, confident in their nurse's
promise of a reawakening interest in
life.

Sun baths and sand baths there have
been and are in plenty, but always ac-
companied with the distractions of
more or less fashionable resort life.
To this Swedish masseuse belongs the
credit of conceiving a camp in the
Egyptian desert as an ideal haven of
rest for tired nerves. Egypt in recent
years has come prominently to the
front as a health resort for many rea-
sons. Under British administration the
land has been cleared of several epi-
demics that at one time were regarded
as necessary evils in the country.

This desert cure, as it is called, is the
idea of a clever woman who has gained
a reputation as a masseuse. Among
her clientele are several society women
suffering from neuritis and its attend-
ant ills, and they have been benefited
greatly by the particular form of
Swedish massage practiced by the
nurse.

Something, however, was wanted to
complete their perfect restoration to
health, and the idea struck the mas-
seuse that the pure and beautiful air of
the Nubian desert was the one thing
necessary to bring back the